THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"....." VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM A PHYSICIAN TO A PUPIL.

LETTER I.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF MEDICINE.

A desire to facilitate the progress of your studies, creates a reluctance to withhold longer from you the historical view of medicine, that you have so repeatedly requested of me. I shall endeavour to render the sketch interesting, which I mean to delineate, rather by crayoning out the prominent features of the narrative, than by filling it up with the dull minuteness of chronological detail.

The infancy of medicine affords little to interest curiosity, or to engage attention. There exist no well-authenticated documents, by which we can trace, with accuracy, its origin and immediate improvents; the earliest accounts of the science containing only fables and conjectures, resting on the uncertainty of traditional evidence.

In the primitive condition of man, when his wants were few, and these were spontaneously supplied: when neither oppressed by labour, enfeebled by luxury, nor vexed with the cares of the social arrangement, it has been presumed that the stream of his life flowed on, unruffled with the attacks of disease, till weakened, and finally exhausted, by the inevitable decays of his nature. But this state of felicity, if it have existed, except in the fancy of the poet, or in the dreams of the speculative philosopher, was certainly of short duration. The enjoyment of uninterrupted health can, indeed, be hardly supposed as ever having been one of the happy privileges of humanity. Whenever avenues were opened to the invasion of physical evil, man was impelled, by the instinctive principle of preservation, to explore the causes of his sufferings, and to seek the means of mitigating, or removing them. Thus stimulated to inquiry, the more intelligent were directed to the observance of the salutary operations of nature. They discovered that her efforts chiefly consisted in producing the various modes of depletion, which they of course endeavoured to imitate, and hence proceeded a large class of our remedies.

Surgery was coeval, and not dissimilar in its origin, to medicine. In the earliest ages, those injuries must have occurred, requiring manual treatment, which were afterwards multiplied by the prevalence of wars, and the occupations of a more complex society. The manner of reducing a fracture or dislocation of a bone, of suppressing a hemorrhagy, or extracting a dart, was obvious to the most untutored mind; and these simple and undisciplined attempts constituted the rudiments of the art.

So early as the siege of Troy, surgery was sufficiently perfected, to be regularly professed. Of this the Iliad furnishes abundant proofs. When Helenus is wounded, the poet says,

Good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicited, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the teat and ligature supplied.

But the practice was manifestly crude and unskilful. The remedies employed were principally bathing the wounds with tepid water, cleansing them by suction, and lenitive applications of bruised vegetables, to assuage pain and inflammation.

Patroclus cut the forked steel away,
Then in his hand a bitter root he bruis'd,
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd;
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

Each branch of the profession in this humble way, commenced, grew gradually by the contributions of vulgar experience, by accidental discoveries, or the well-regulated inquiries of philosophers. Of materials so slender and defective, was constructed the foundation, on which has been raised, by the diligent exertions of its votaries, the splendid fabric of our science.

Until the era of Grecian civilization, medicine is a desolate waste, where little will be found to excite to investigation, or to reward the trouble of research. For, though it had been previously cultivated in Egypt, it does not appear to have participated largely in the general improvement of the arts and sciences, or to have kept pace with the polish and refinement of that country. This may perhaps be ascribed, in some degree, to a very extraordinary regulation, which prevailed among the Egyptians, regarding the administration of remedies. Herodotus informs us, that physicians were deterred, by the severest penalty, from innovating on the practice which was settled, and solemnly recorded. If the practitioner deviated, in any case, from the established treatment, and the event proved unfortunate, he was punished with death. The spirit of emulation being so effectually discouraged, and the exercise of genius restrained, the science must have languished in sameness, or moved with very slow progression. Its improvement suffered equally in the barbarous times of Greece, by the influence of an absurd superstition, which led to the ascription of diseases to the vengeance of some offended deity. Believing the evil could not be controlled by human efforts, medicine was wholly neglected, and relief was alone sought in attempts to appease the wrath of the Divinity, by expiatory sacrifices.

Accordingly, we find, in the description that Homer has accurately given, of the dreadful pestilence which nearly desolated the Grecian army, he does not once allude to the treatment of the disease by medicine, but advises that,

Some prophet, or some sacred sage
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage,
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams; for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid,
So heaven, aton'd, shall dying Greece restore,
And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Before I begin this paper, I must beg that no body will read it who has not already read that of which it is a continuation. I make this request for my own sake, as well as for your readers. They cannot possibly understand it, without a knowledge of what has preceded, and will therefore lose their labour, and I shall be supposed to write even with less meaning than I have.

Towards the conclusion of my preceding essay, I observed that "of all the slaves of fashion, male or female, none could pretend to equal our learned physicians." But before I prove and exemplify this position, permit me to bestow a remark upon their cousin Germans, the *Chymists*. One would suppose, that their knowledge would be the result of absolute experiment, and infallible demonstration. But no. They have their fashions and their changes like the rest of the world. Sometimes they follow Dr. Priestley's *airs*, and sometimes Lavoisiers: neither of which is half as agreeable as the *graces* of a new dress, happily displayed upon the person of the beautiful Miss G——.

To return to our physicians. Whether their occupation is a science, or an art, or both, or neither, is a question of difficult solution, and no great consequence; but it is certainly the most whimsical in the whole circle of human employments. It is a wonderful mixture of doubtful experiment and ingenious conjecture. In every period of fifteen or twenty years, it has its chief professor, or guesser, who sets the diseases and remedies for the time, and the whole fraternity drop into the mode. Within my memory, the fashionable disease has changed, at least, as frequently as the head dress of a lady. Some years ago, every complaint of the human body (setting aside broken bones and pluarisies, which could not be mistaken) was *nervous*. Had you a head-ache, a tooth-ache, a pain in the side, back, or belly, a chill or a fever, it was all nervous, and the solemn physician most solemnly prescribed accordingly. The invention of this disease furnished an admirable subterfuge for ignorance. How easy was it to say to a patient—"*Your complaint is nervous.*" and as this declaration has no definite meaning, who could gainsay it? After a long and prosperous reign, this disease was duly deposed, and, I think, the gout succeeded to the vacant throne; and a fine time he had of it. His reign, though short, was full of activity: men, women, and children had "the gouty humour floating in their systems;" and the indefatigable physician exerted all his powers *to fix it*. Cataplasms to the feet, drafts of burning brandy to the stomach, poor feeding, and hard walking were all the rage. This gouty humour, this terrible enemy, as nimble and versatile as Ariel, was to be expelled from the body, or to be fixed to some spot where the doctor might fairly engage it in single combat, hand to hand; and the wild pranks that were played in pursuit of the subtile foe, were truly amusing: not to the patient, indeed, whose poor carcase was the theatre of action, the fighting ground, the bloody arena for the physician and his antagonist. But it was all the fashion, and who would be out of it. It was not in human nature, to sustain the tyranny of king Gout long; the conflicts between him and the doctor was insupportable: he, therefore, sunk into obscurity; and, as republican notions began to prevail, the power was no longer trusted to a single hand, but fairly divided between two rulers, I

mean *direct* and *indirect debility*. Every disorder of the human frame sprung from, or was resolved into one of these. As nobody exactly understood who they were, and all power is best supported by mystery, their duration was very considerable.—Even now, when their influence has passed away, and the historian may speak without fear, I am at a loss to describe their characters. They were not Romulus and Remus, nor altogether Castor and Pollux; but more like the latter, as they never appeared together. I would describe them thus—*Direct debility*, is downright, absolute, and bona fide weakness, whereby every man it lays hold of is weak, and feels weak, and is consequently sick. *Indirect* must, I presume, be something the reverse of *direct* debility; and therefore if the latter is really *weak weakness*, the other must, of necessity, be *strong weakness*. In the one case, a man is sunk so far below the strong point, that he becomes feeble; and in the other, he is made equally feeble by being raised as far above it. Suppose, on a graduated scale, the point of strength to be twenty, then a man sunk down to ten, or raised up to thirty, are equally weak. Now this was most charmingly incomprehensible to all but men of deep medical science, and direct and indirect debility ruled the morbid world to the great delight of the professors of physic, and the fashionable sick. But all power is uncertain and transitory; and the rebellious bile supplanted both direct and indirect debility. Every thing became at once *bilious;* and medicines were poured in, without measure, to correct or expel the bile. Every fever was bilious: every head-ache proceeded from bile. All the gall and foul humour of the country were put into motion—*Mr. Jefferson was elected about this time*—and bilious pills, and patent bilious pills, powders and nostrums for bile were the common merchandize of a druggist's shop. No man dared contend, against the prevailing fashion, that he had any disorder that did not arise from too much or too little bile; or that it was too acrid or too mild. I forgot to mention the *consumption* in its place; but it must be remembered, that, for a short time, every man with a bad appetite, was sent on his travels by land, or by water, to cure him of the consumption. This could not be long *the go*, as it was generally too expensive for the patient, and by removing him from the doctor, cut the bile short. Both found it therefore their interest to have as little to do as possible with so inconvenient a disease.

When the bile had governed us as long as our wise doctors thought proper or prudent, we were surprised with a new ruler in the realms of medicine. I mean the "*Liver Complaint.*" I well remember when our old German women were laughed at by the faculty and the world, for pretending their daughters were *liver grown*, if they perceived any unusual swelling about that part; and their shaking them by the heels three times a day, as an infallible cure, was the source of much merriment. I could not then have imagined, that in a few years the profound professor of physic would have submitted every thing to the influence of the liver. But so it is. Most of our diseases and deaths, for some time past have been ascribed to this liver complaint, and it has been attacked with the most violent and merciless remedies; whereas formerly it was seldom or never heard of.—I believe this fashion was imported from the East Indies. The gout indeed has revived and in some degree maintained his old title to supremacy; and we may see the wars of the white and red rose revived by those formidable antagonists.

That I may not be tedious, I avoid many more examples of the tyranny of fashion in the medical world. Were I to enumerate the *medicines* and *remedies* that have, at different times, been in vogue, I might multiply the proofs of my position to any extent. Sometimes milk, and sometimes brandy; sometimes violent exercise, and then careful confinement; sometimes high living, and sometimes low; full feeding for one year, and absolute starvation for the next, have alternately governed. Opium was once a fatal poison, and then the very angel of the art. It at least *quiets* the patient the doctor cannot cure. Mercury, a few years since, was considered as the potion of death, and is now become the universal specific.

Now, pray sir, what is all this but *mere fashion:* neither the human body, nor its economy, nor the operations of nature have changed with these various denominations of diseases and remedies, so as either to cause or justify them. But some celebrated physician becomes more celebrated for some extraordinary cure, effected by accident or art. He names the disease, as he pleases, so as most to swell his fame, and it becomes the fashion of the day, together with his mode of treating it; and all must follow both doctor and patient.

I trust, therefore, that women will be no more abused for varying their modes of ornament and dress, until men have ceased to veer from point to point, on subjects infinitely interesting, and in which a reasonable certainty might be expected and is highly necessary. Why may not a blooming girl be permitted with varied, but delightful fancy, to decorate her loveliness and give new graces to her charms, while men in their most solemn and profound concerns are equally the dupes of novelty and fashion.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

There is no period in the history of any country, at all advanced in elegant literature, in which *fictitious adventures* have not made a large part of the reading men have most delighted in. They have been grafted upon the actions of their heroes, they have been interwoven with their mythology, they have been moulded upon the manners of the age, and, in return, have influenced not a little the manners of the next generation, by the principles they have insinuated, and the sensibilities they have exercised. A spirit of adventure, a high sense of honour, of martial glory, refined and romantic passion, sentimental delicacy, or all the melting sensibilities of humanity, have been, in their turns, inspired by this powerful engine, which takes so strong a hold on the fancy and the passions of young readers. Adorned with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic; more concentrated in the story, and exchanging narrative for action, they become dramatic; allied with some great moral end, didactic, as in the Telemaque of Fenelon, and the Belisaire of Marmontel. They are often the vehicles of satire, as in the Candide and Babouc of Voltaire, and the Gulliver's Travels of Swift. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are often made use of successfully to attack or to recommend the prevailing systems of the day. We have seen liberty and equality recommended from one publication, and French principles exposed in another. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive, and its effect so great, it is evident that it ought to hold no mean rank among the productions of genius; and, in truth, there is hardly any department of literature in which we shall meet with more fine writing than in the best productions of this kind. It is not easy, therefore, to say, why the poet should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance-writer so low a one, as, in the general estimation, he is confined to; for his dignity as a writer has by no means been measured by the pleasure he affords to his readers; yet the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the ordonnance of the plan, the exhibition of the character, the gradual developement of a plot, occasional beauties of description, and, above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart by filling it with the successive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport, or indignation, together with the grave impressive moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to command our warmest praise. There is no walk in which taste and genius have more distinguished themselves, or in which virtuous and noble sentiments have come out with greater lustre, than in the splendid fictions, or pathetic tales, with which France, Germany, Swisserland, and our own country, have adorned the annals of their literature. A history of romance writing, under all its various forms, would be an acceptable present to the public, if given by a man of taste and sufficient reading. But there are some periods which make, as it were, a new era in this kind of writing, and those productions are more particularly deserving our attention which stand at the head of a class, and have diverted the taste of the public into some new channel. Of this kind are the writings of Mr. Richardson, whose name, on the present occasion, is brought anew before the public. He may, in a great measure, be said to be the father of the modern novel of the serious or pathetic kind, and he was also original in the mode of epistolary writing by which he carried on the story.

If we were to search among the treasures of ancient literature for fictions similar to the modern novel, we should find none more nearly resembling it than Theagenes and Chariclea, the production of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of Trieca, in Thessaly. Though his romance was unexceptionably pure and virtuous, he was called upon either to burn his book, or resign his bishoprick; upon which, with the heroism of an author, he chose the latter.

But, after Europe had sunk into barbarism, a taste was again to be formed; and a taste for the natural, the graceful, and the simple-pathetic, is generally the late result of a long course of civilization.

Every one knows the character of the romances of chivalry—Amadis de Gaul at their head, with whose merits the English reader has lately been made acquainted in an elegant abridged version. They were properly historical, but they heightened the traditionary adventures of the heroes of their different countries, with the more wonderful stories of giants, enchantments, and other embellishments, of the supernatural kind. But we are not to suppose that even these fictions were considered, as we now consider them, the mere play of the imagination: *le vrai seul est amiable*, was always so far a maxim, that no work of imagination can greatly succeed, which is not founded upon popular belief; but what is *le vrai?* In those times, talismans, and wounds cured by sympathetic powder, and charms of all kinds, were seriously credited.

A great deal of love-adventure was intermixed in these narratives, but not always of the purest or most delicate kind. Poetry was often made the vehicle of them, particularly in Italy: the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is a chivalrous romance in verse.

As, however, the spirit of military adventure subsided, these softened, by degrees, into the languishing love romances of the French school—the Clelias and Cassandras, the laboured productions of the Calprenedes and Scuderis. I might, indeed, have mentioned before these, a romance of a peculiar kind, the Astrea of d'Urfé, which all France read with eagerness at the time it was published. It is a pastoral romance, and its celebrity was, in a great measure, owing to its being strongly seasoned with allusions to the amours of the court of Henry the Fourth.

But to return to the romances *de longue haleine*. The principle of these was, high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore but little resemblance to a natural passion. In the story, however, they were a step nearer to nature: the adventures were marvellous, but not impossible. Their personages were all removed from common life, and taken from ancient history: but without the least resemblance to the heroes whose names they bore. The manners, therefore, and the passions, referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer: but the situations were often striking, and the sentiments always noble. They would have reigned longer, had they been less tedious—there exists no appeal for an author who makes his readers weary. Boileau ridiculed these, as Cervantes had done the others, and their knell was rung: people were ready to wonder they had ever admired them.

A closer imitation of nature began now to be called for: not but that, from the earliest times, there had been tales and stories imitating real life: a few serious, but generally comic. The Decameron of Boccacio, the Cent Nouvelles of the queen of Navarre, *contes* and *fabliaux* without number, may be considered as novels, though of a lighter texture: they abounded with adventure, generally of the humorous, often of the licentious kind, and, indeed, were mostly founded on intrigue, but the nobler passions were seldom touched. The Roman Comique of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind, and possesses great merit in the humorous way: but the Zaide, and the Princesse de Cleves, of Madame de la Fayette, are esteemed to be the first that approach the modern novel of the serious kind, the latter especially: they were written in the reign of Louis XIV, greatly admired, and considered as making a new era in works of invention. Voltaire says of them, that they were, 'Les premiers Romans où l'on vit les mœurs des honnêtes gens, et des avantures naturelles, décrites avec grace. Avant elle on écrivait d'un stile empoulé, des choses peu vrai semblables.' '*The first romances in which were seen natural incidents, and the manners of good company described with elegance. Before her time, improbable adventures were described in a turgid and affected style.*' The novels of Madame la Fayette are certainly beautiful, but a step is still wanting; they no longer speak, indeed, of Alexanders and Brutuses, still less of giants and fairies; but the heroes and heroines are princes and princesses—they are not of our acquaintance. The scene is, perhaps, in Spain, or amongst the Moors; it does not reflect the picture of domestic life, they are not the men and women we see about us every day.

Le Sage, in his Gil Blas, a work of infinite entertainment, though of dubious morality, presented us such people; but his portraits were mostly of the humorous kind, and his work was rather a series of separate adventures, than a chain of events concurring, in one plan, to the production of the catastrophe. There was still wanting a mode of writing, which should connect the high passion, and delicacy of sentiment of the old romance, with characters moving in the same sphere of life with ourselves, and brought into action by incidents of daily occurrence.

In the earlier periods of English history, we had our share in the rude literature of the times, and we were familiar, either by translations or stories of our own growth, with the heroes of the chivalrous times, many of whom belonged to our own country. We had also in common with our neighbours, the monkish legends, a species of romance abounding with the marvellous, and particularly suited to the taste of a superstitious age. Many of these merit attention, as a branch, and no small one, of fiction; they have been properly exploded for their falsehood; they should now be preserved for their invention: they are now harmless; they can no longer excite our indignation, let them be permitted to amuse our fancy.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, we had, at once, the famous romance, Sidney's Arcadia, of the pastoral heroic kind, if the expression may be permitted. It is a book, that all have heard of, that some few possess, but that nobody reads.

From that period, to the middle of the last reign, we had tales and stories of various kinds, but scarcely one that continues to be read to the present day, and I believe, not any (the singularly ingenious allegorical fiction of the Pilgrim's Progress excepted) that was known out of our own country. We had poets, we had philosophers, long before we had attained any kind of excellence in the lighter kinds of prose composition. Harrington's Oceana is political, and will grievously disappoint those who look into it for amusement. The Atalantis of Mrs. Manley lives only in that line of Pope, which seems to promise it immortality,

'As long as Atalantis shall be read.'

It was, like Astrea, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious: they are also fallen. Till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a greater part of polite reading than novels, which had not attained either elegance, or nice discrimination of characters: some adventure and a love story were all they aimed at. The Ladies' Library, described in the Spectator, contains 'the Grand Cyrus, with a pin stuck in one of the leaves, and Clelia, which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower;' but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of one English novel, the Atalantis excepted. Plays are often mentioned, as a favourite and dangerous part of ladies' reading. The first author we had, who distinguished himself by natural painting, was that truly original genius De Foe; and if from any one Richardson caught, in some measure, his peculiar manner of writing, to him it must be traced, whose Robinson Crusoe and Family Instructor (the latter consisting of domestic dialogues) he must have read in his youth. They were both accurate describers, minute and circumstantial, but with this difference, that the minuteness of De Foe was more employed about things, and that of Richardson about persons and sentiments. No one ever knew like De Foe to give to fiction, by an accumulation of circumstance, and a grave, natural way of telling the story, the most serious air of truth; except, indeed, Swift, in his Gulliver's Travels. De Foe wrote also some novels. I cannot speak of them, for I have not seen them; they do not appear to have attained much celebrity. Richardson was the man who was to introduce a new kind of moral painting; he drew equally from nature and from his own ideas. From the world about him he took the incidents, manners, and general character of the times in which he lived, and from his own beautiful ideas he copied that sublime of virtue which charms us in his Clarissa, and that sublime of passion which interests us in his Clementina. That kind of fictitious writing, of which he has set the example, disclaims all assistance from giants or genii. The moated castle is changed to a modern parlour; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a simple maiden, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions, and impressed by salutary maxims. The pathos of the story, and the dignity of the sentiments, interest and charm us; simplicity is warned, vice rebuked, and, from the perusal of a novel, we rise better prepared to meet the ills of life with firmness, and to perform our respective parts on the great theatre of life. It was the high and just praise given by our great critic, Dr. Johnson, to the author of Clarissa, that 'he had enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.' The novelist has, indeed, all the advantage of the preacher, in introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue; an advantage, which Richardson made large use of, and he has, besides, the power of impressing them upon the heart, through the best sensibilities of our nature. Richardson prided himself on being a moral and religious writer; and, as Addison did before him, he professed to take under his particular protection that sex which is supposed to be most open to good or evil impressions; whose inexperience most requires cautionary precepts, and whose sensibilities it is most important to secure against a wrong direction. The manner of this captivating writer was also new.

[To be continued.]

[From The Repertory.]

THE CARAVANSARY.

There is nothing, which strikes a virtuous man with more surprise, or shocks him to so great a degree, as the abandoned impudence and public prostitution of a political turncoat. That among the lower classes of society, some miserable creatures should be found, whom a paltry bribe can induce to forsake their party, is no subject of astonishment. But that any man, who has received the advantage of a good education, and enjoyed the refinements of polished society, should prove guilty of such turpitude and profligacy, is justly a subject of admiration and regret. We wonder at his impudence, in daring to look an honest man in the face, after such scandalous apostacy, and we lament the degradation of human nature, in the fall of one, from respectability and honour, to democracy, infamy and meanness. A staunch democrat, tremblingly alive as he must necessarily be to some of the worst passions that degrade our nature, who has invariably adhered to his party, displays a character infinitely more respectable than that of the apostate federalist.

Young men, of liberal education and warm feelings naturally, from the course of their reading, incline to the interests of democracy. The short but brilliant era of Athenian eminence in arts and arms dazzles them with the imposing splendour of distinguished achievements, and prevents them from abhorring, as they ought, that capricious cruelty and ingratitude, together with those ungovernable passions, which subjected the purest patriots, and most illustrious citizens of Athens to exile, imprisonment and death. The more aristocratical constitution of the Roman Republic will turn their indignation against the patricians, whilst their zeal for liberty blinds them against the venality and violence of the corrupt and seditious tribunes.

But should these young men live under a popular government, they will gain from experience more correct ideas, and discover that the rights of liberty are in more hazard from the turbulence of the people than from the ambition of their rulers. Hence they will adopt the sentiments of their most enlightened fellow citizens, throw their rights into the scale of order and good government, and support with all their power the tottering edifice of the constitution, in danger of falling to pieces by its own weakness and the earthquake of popular commotion.

Mankind are strongly biassed by the influence of names, and republicans seem generally to think, that liberty can exist only in republics. But this is

an absurd error, and arises from ignorance in what real liberty consists. Real liberty is not the power of doing what we please, but is a system of RESTRAINT, by which we are PREVENTED from injuring another in property or person, and are in like manner ourselves PROTECTED from his violence and injustice. Real liberty is a code of laws, containing COMMANDS, PROHIBITIONS, and MENACES, in which the will of individuals is so far from being CONSULTED, that it is directly CONTROLLED. Real liberty has for her officiating Ministers Judges, Sheriffs, and Constables, whilst her residence is surrounded by gaols, pillories and gibbets; Justice is her prime minister, who, though inexorable, is strictly impartial, the friend of virtue, and the enemy of guilt, making no distinction between the rich and the poor, the elevated and the humble. In a word, wherever men are equally protected in person and property, there, and there only, is liberty; and the mere form and name of the government is of little moment, whether it be the basement story of democracy, the Corinthian pillar of aristocracy, or the proud pyramid of monarchy capped with an unit,

> For *modes* of government let fools contest,
> That, which is best administer'd is best.
>
> POPE.

We are inclined to attribute the facility, with which the poor acquire subsistence, and sometimes opulence in this country, to the superior freedom of our constitution. But this also is a vulgar error, which our vanity feels an interest in maintaining. The facility of living and thriving in the United States originates from the immese extent of our territory, the abundance, and consequent cheapness of uncultivated lands, and the comparative thinness of population: hence the high price of labour, and the low value of arable ground, hold out advantages to indigent and industrious foreigners, which they cannot enjoy in their own country. But when our lands shall be entirely occupied and exclusively owned by the wealthy, as must inevitably be the case in the course of time, however distant the period, these adventurers will no longer exist, and misery and want will be as prevalent among the lower classes of our people as among those of Europe. The bulk of inhabitants in all countries, which are fully peopled, must be the labouring poor, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. This is the natural course of things, which no impartiality of law and no freedom of constitution can prevent. We should be thankful then for the blessings we enjoy, without assigning them to a wrong cause, and improve our present advantages to the advancement of private and public happiness, without diminishing our immediate satisfaction by the remote prospect of future miseries. Many centuries must elapse before the independent yeomanry of our country become the tenants of patrician opulence, and our government will have past through various scenes of untried being, ere that period arrive.

In the interim let us adhere to the Federal constitution, as to the ark of our political salvation, which however shattered and leaky through the the mismanagement of our State pilots, is still a safer vessel than the gun-boats of our new-fangled marine. As those who have deserted their quarters in the moment of peril, and gone over to the enemy, let us treat them with the scorn such renegadoes deserve. Firm to the cause of Washington and Adams, which is the cause of virtue, liberty, and America, let us not despond, because the administration has fallen into other hands and we are left in the minority, remembering without pride, but with cautious satisfaction, that the respectable in every country are frequently the minority.

A.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

September 21, 1779.

Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond-pencil. I have glazed the two frames, designed to receive my pine-plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen-windows, till, by the help of that implement, I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier, and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns, with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself: a Chinese of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any Mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed with rapture, that he had found the Emilius, who, he supposed, had subsisted only in his own idea. I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church-windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in a morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast. For I feed them always upon the gravel-walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, as to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I last week made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood, that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hot-house in the most flourishing state, and the orange-trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all.

Yours, W. C.

[*To be Continued.*]

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[From the 'Literary Tablet.']

SATIRE.

To lash prevailing vice, to correct the errors, and to preserve the morals of mankind, are proper objects for exercising the genius of the satirist. He is, with truth, said to aid the cause of the legislator and the divine. In this respect, indeed, he possesses a superiority, that he can seize the criminal himself, and drag him, stript of disguise, before the tribunal of the public; whereas, they can direct the force of their authority only against crimes and errors in the abstract. The imputation is, in the one case, particular and pointed; in the other, general, and therefore seldom felt, for want of application. Those, who are most depraved, dread the ignominy of being personally exposed, as examples of villainy, and as objects of the scorn and derision of mankind, and the declaration is not incredible, that the closet of the satirist has ofttimes been more formidable to the vicious and the abandoned, than the pulpit or the state-house.

But satire, which ever ought to be deemed sacred to virtue and to truth, has sometimes been profaned. In the hands of the worthless and the wicked, it has been made the vehicle of slander and abuse; it has been perverted into an engine for the destruction of well-earned fame, for the subversion of order, government, and religion: but society has not much to fear from these ephemeral insects. They appear, and they buz around the fairest forms; but they are harmless, for they are not armed with stings. Thersites may brawl for a moment; but he will shrink back at the rebuke of Ulysses.—The true, legitimate satirist is one, whose conduct is unexceptionable, whose mind is enlightened, whose language is energetic and silencing. A man of such a character, and such endowments, is qualified to do important services to his country.

In the opinion of a very learned man, and a very nervous writer, (I refer to the author of the Pursuits of Literature,) there have existed but six poets, who could, with truth, be denominated favourites of the satiric muse. Three of these, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, lived in the courts of the Roman emperors; the fourth was Boileau, who was familiar with Louis XIV of France; the other two, Dryden and Pope, appeared in the Augustan age of Great-Britain. These luminaries arose to give splendor, not to their own country only; they arose to illuminate the world. They have gone down in regular succession; but the lustre which they imparted, will never be extinguished. Horace was in his glory in the reign of Augustus Caesar, at whose table he was companion with the Mantuan bard. Nature gave him a jovial disposition, which his attachment to the philosophy of Epicurus strengthened and confirmed. Although he sometimes indulges in trifling eccentricities, yet he generally appears the decided friend of virtue. Horace communicates his moral instructions with a pleasantry, ease, and good nature, which are peculiar to himself. He does not come forward with the sternness and severity of a professed moralist; it seems to be his intention to *laugh* men out of their vices. He would correct their morals, by ridiculing their follies.

During the reigns of Nero and Domitian, the virtues of the Romans sunk to a very low ebb. All manner of wickedness prevailed. A general corruption ran through all ranks of men; even the emperors themselves were guilty of the most scandalous enormities. In these degenerate times appeared Persius and Juvenal. Persius was a Stoic in sentiment, and he wrote with spirit, with dignity, and with boldness, not sparing the crimes of Nero himself. He died in early life. Juvenal, on the other hand, 'lived to a good old age,' and composed his satires in the decline of life. He found many, very many, who deserved to smart under the lash, and he used it with no sparing hand. He wrote with the intelligence of a man of erudition, with the firmness and assurance of one, who felt a proper sense of the respect due to "aged experience," and with a severity, which his indignation at the crimes of his country inspired. The poet of Aquinum, who, at a period of general depravity, preserved the sentiments, and maintained the dignity of an old Roman, yet speaks, and to our own comprehension, in the elegant translations of Mr. Gifford. In Juvenal, expired the last of the Roman poets. The period which succeeded, was a period of ignorance. It was the night-time with literature. Boileau was among the first, who broke through

the thick darkness, and he shone with a splendor of his own. 'He wielded the pen' of satire, with a sacred regard to truth, to justice, and to philosophy. He confounded the pretendedly wise; he reclaimed many, who had wandered from the path of rectitude. He is entitled to the love of man. Dryden and Pope are acknowledged wherever poetry is known. For me to attempt to communicate splendor to them, would be like attempting to increase, with a taper, the light of mid-day.

It would however, be injustice to merit, to omit, in the present essay, "the honourable mention" of three writers in satiric poetry, who have graced our own days. The first of them is William Gifford, Esq. His disposition is amiable, his learning is various, his poetry is easy, natural, and piercing. He presents himself before the public, with the independence of an upright man, who confides, with a modest assurance, in his own abilities. He arose at the very time, when just such a man as himself was wanted. To use his own words, he

> ....." *was born,*
> " *To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn.*"

Not long since, there appeared in England a host of paltry, insignificant scribblers, such as Della Crusca, Bell, Jerningham, &c. who were continually harassing the public with elegies, sonnets and panegyrics addressed to each other, which were written with such contemptible foolishness, with such insufferable stupidity, that none but themselves, could have patience to read them. There was another class of men, among whom were Peter Pindar, and Anthony Pasquin, who arrogantly came forth, with the avowed purpose of ridiculing all religion, government, and law. These, and such as these, are the subjects of Mr. Gifford's satire in the Baviad and Mæviad, and in some other of his writings. He exposed himself to the shafts of their wrath, malice, and revenge; but he needed no shield, for the weapons they used, were impotent like themselves, and were brandished by a nerveless arm.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature takes a wide range in the field of criticism. He descants upon almost every writer and actor, of any considerable eminence, who has appeared in the last forty years, and he censures, or applauds, without interest, or fear. If he sometimes errs, his errors are those of the understanding. He is open to conviction, and he corrects with alacrity. He writes with a striking consolidation of thought, and displays, in every page of his work, the correct and versatile scholar, the able critic, the warm advocate for virtue, the friend of his country, and the friend of man. In the garb of the satirist, he is bold, pointed, and severe. He exerts his power with a vigor, which he intends shall render the blow effectual—The last writer in poetic satire, whom I will mention, is one of our own country. I mean Mr. FESSENDEN, author of Terrible Tractoration. In the flashes of genuine wit, which appear in rapid succession through this poem, there is discoverable the man of genius, the proficient in science, the supporter of merit, and the enemy to knavery, avarice and pride. He does honour to the American muse.

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MRS. WALKER'S MASQUED BALL.

This elegant Lady, long celebrated in the Fashionable World for the superior taste of her masqued fetes, opened her house in George-street, Hanover-square, for the first time since her widowhood, on Wednesday evening. The number of tickets issued did not exceed three hundred, and every necessary precaution was taken to prevent the intrusion of improper persons.—From eleven until one the company continued to arrive, but several masks gained admission as late as two o'clock.—The preparations for the occasian were in a very elegant style. A terrace, or platform, was erected at the bottom of the garden, and fitted up with oak and laurel leaves which formed an arched covering; variegated lamps were entwined, and the whole was surmounted by the British star, composed of purple and yellow lamps. In the centre was stationed a band of Italian Musicians (similar to the Milanese Minstrels), who played there until the dawn. Next the Ottoman or breakfast room a beautiful alcove was formed by the union of several trees, lighted with variegated lamps, scattered among the branches. This bower was intended as a temporary retreat, had the heat proved oppressive: it was fitted up with sofas in the eastern taste. The other parts of the garden were ornamented with branches of oak and laurel, with festoons of lamps, and the perspective from the lower apartments of the house, communicated through the medium of folding doors, had the most beautiful effect imaginable. The internal decorations of the mansion were strictly in unison. The hall and staircase were ornamented with flowers and Chinese lanthorns, and the suit of apartments on the drawing-room floor, were illuminated by chandeliers and lustres, which rivalled the meridian sun. Among the best supported characters were the following:

Mr. Browne was a most excellent, Sir Archy M. Sarcasm; the Hon. William Spencer, as the Devil upon Two Sticks, took an accurate survey of the company, and reported to his friend Asmodeus his opinion respecting them. Lord Hamilton (eldest son of the Marquis of Abercorn) was admirably dressed as a Turk, and made an elegant appearance. The Spaniards were not very numerous, among the most splendid were the Marquisses of Abercorn and Hartington, Earl of Besborough, Lord Claude Hamilton, Mr. Parry, &c.——Among the religious characters, Mr. Bagot was a Friar, and the beautiful Mrs. O'Brien, a Nun. Among the devotees were the beautiful Lady Castlereagh and Lady L. Corry, as Pilgrims. Jews were very numerous: among the number were, Capt. Armstrong, Mr. Jekyl, and Mr. G. Upton, the latter as Shylock. The Earl of Lauderdale was an excellent Old Maid. Mr. H. Wrottesley and Mr. Champneys, as Sir Solomon and Lady Simons, with Messrs. Armstrong and Maddocks, as two attendant Jews, were excellent. Mr. C. Moore, a French Cook; Mr. G. Thellusson, a Dancing Master. One of the best dressed and supported characters was an antiquated Old Maid of the year 1700. She danced a minuet with Mr. Champney, to the music of Mr. G. Thellusson's fiddle.

Many anxious inquiries were made to ascertain who the old Lady was, but the discovery was made by the Prince of Wales, who soon recognised the original in the person of Mr. Mellish. The Gypsies were as numerous as usual; among them we noticed the Countesses of Clare and Cork, Lady E. Foster, Mrs. Ariana Egerton. Mr. H. Greville was at the head of the tribe.

Much laughter was excited by the whimsicalities of Mr. T. Sheridan, who arrived about one o'clock, post, as the Blacksmith from Gretna Green, in search of business, and accompanied by Mr. C. Calvert, who was dressed as Hymen. Among the foreigners, Mr. Lawrence was most prominently attired in the real costume of a Laplander, and he appeared to possess all the apathy of that frozen climate. Even the numberless beauties present could not thaw his inflexible countenance into a smile. Of Flower Girls, there were only two, personified by Lady H. Cavendish and Madame Gramont. The English Clowns were as numerous as usual; among the number were Mr. Giles and Mr. Nourse.

As beauty is seldom seen to more advantage than in a Spanish habit, so here we found the Duchess of Devonshire in black and silver; Duchess of Rutland in lilac and silver; Marchioness of Hertford in crimson and silver; Lady Ramsden, Lady C. Hamilton, Lady S. Stewart, were likewise in Spanish dresses. Viscountess Dungannon looked beautifully in a fancy dress.

About two o'clock the company partook of the refreshments, which consisted of every delicacy of the season. About three o'clock dancing commenced in the drawing room, and concluded about five, when the company departed. The Prince of Wales was dressed in green with a Star, and wore the Order of the Garter. [*Morning Post.*

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ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

Popular Tales. By Maria Edgworth, author of Practical Education, Castle Rackrent, &c. &c. 8vo. 3 vols. Johnson, London, 1804.

The design of these tales is excellent, and their tendency so truly laudable as to make amends for many faults of execution. There is nothing new, indeed, in the idea of conveying instruction in the form of an amusing narrative; for from the days of Homer downwards, almost all the writers of fictitious history have been thought to aim at the moral improvement of their readers. The means, which they have employed for this purpose, however, have hitherto been but indifferently calculated to effect it. The truth is, that almost all moral tales which are not expressly accommodated to the taste and condition of *children*, seem to have been intended for the benefit of persons of high fashion and splendid accomplishments only; they seldom condescend to the incidents or the duties of ordinary characters or ordinary life, but are occupied entirely in adjusting the claims of nice honour and heroic affection, or in describing the delicate perplexities and fantastic distresses of those who set vulgar sorrows at defiance. Now, considering that there are in these kingdoms at least *eighty thousand* readers, it is obvious, that no great moral utility could result from the general perusal of those brilliant narratives; and that the lessons which they were calculated to teach, were quite inapplicable, to say the least of them, to that great multitude who are neither high-born nor high-bred. It is for this great and most important class of society that the volumes before us have been written; and their object is, to interest, amuse and instruct them by stories founded on the incidents of common life, and developed by the agency of ordinary characters; to withdraw their attention from those dazzling displays of fashionable manners, with which they have no natural connexion, and to fix it upon those scenes and occurrences which have an immediate application to their own way of life; and in this way to impress upon their minds the inestimable value and substantial dignity of industry, perseverance, prudence, good humour, and all that train of vulgar and homely virtues that have hitherto made the happiness of the world, without obtaining any great share of its admiration.

This is an attempt, we think, somewhat superior in genius, as well as utility, to the laudable exertions of Mr. Thomas Paine to bring disaffection and infidelity within the comprehension of the common people, or the charitable endeavours of Messrs. Wordsworth, & Co. to accommodate them with an appropriate vein of poetry. Both these were superfluities which they might have done very tolerably without; but Miss Edgworth has undertaken to improve, as well as to amuse them, and to bring them back from an admiration of pernicious absurdities, to a relish for the images of those things which must make the happiness of their actual existence. In this view she rather deserves to be compared to those patriotic worthies who first ventured after the revival of letters, to write in their native language, and to interest their countrymen in stories of their home manufacture; who spoke of love without allusion to Ovid, constructed dramas

altogether independent of the scriptures, and published tales that were not to be found in the Book of Troy. It required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, that infested our modern fables, as it did in those days to sweep away the mythological personages of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.

The success of such an experiment depends, no doubt, in a great degree, on the skill with which it is conducted; nor are we sanguine enough to hope that it will be very suddenly completed. The millinery misses and aspiring apprentices of our country towns will long hanker, we are afraid, after the elegant adventures of counts, baronesses, or Adelines, and will think every story intolerably low which does not contain anecdotes of masquerades and gaming-houses, elegiac stanzas, duels, and descriptions of the Appenines. This class will certainly be the last to be converted. But in the great and respectable multitude of English tradesmen, yeomen, and manufacturers—in that most important part of our population which consists of the well educated in the lower and middling orders of the people, we do believe that there is so much good sense and good principle, as to secure the favourable reception of a work which professes to interest them by a picture of their own condition, to make them proud of their independence, and cheerful in their submission, and to point out the happiness which is placed within the reach of all who are industrious and affectionate.

Notwithstanding the unqualified praise which we are disposed to bestow on the design of this work, we cannot help observing, that the execution is extremely unequal. Many of the incidents are childish, and several of the stories unmeaning and improbable; yet they all inculcate an unexceptionable and practical morality, and are written throughout in a strain of admirable good sense, liberality, and cheerfulness. There is nothing tawdry or sophisticated about them; no idle description or affected reflection; the story moves on with uninterrupted rapidity; and the writer never seems to pause to admire her own powers of composition, or to wait for the admiration of her readers.

[Edinburgh Review.

[*To be continued.*]

OBITUARY.

Died, at New-York, on Monday morning, after a short illness, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, Mrs. Susan Stuyvesant, wife of P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq. and daughter of Thomas Barclay, Esq. the British Consul-General. The virtues and amiable qualities of this much beloved and deeply lamented lady occasion her loss to be deplored by her relations and friends with the most poignant grief.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A literary lady of Great Britain, having recently published a very elegant version of Florian's 'Galatea,' an ingenious critic, describing its merits, in one of the monthly Journals, thus finely alludes to a passage in Virgil. 'We recommend it to every reader, whose taste is not grossly vitiated, and whose morals are not entirely depraved. He, who has any remains of these qualities, in their purity, will feel himself rivetted to this delightful romance, and will, at the end, exclaim with Tityrus in the Eclogue,

——fatebor enim dum me *Galatea* tenebat,
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.

—

A country schoolmaster's quaint description of a money lender. A money lender serves you in the *present tense*—he binds you in the *conditional mode*—keeps you in the *subjunctive*, and ruins you in the *future*.

—

Mr. S. Carpenter, a gentleman of excellent principles, and a scholar of various information, has announced an early publication of his Annual Register. Such a work, conducted upon Burke's plan and principles, is greatly wanted; and from our knowledge of the talents and spirit of the Editor, we may expect to be entertained and instructed by a respectable history of the events of the passing year, in a form not fugitive, and in a style not trite nor vulgar.

—

A premium being lately offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of *irrigation*, and the latter word being made *irritation* by a mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

—

EYES.

Tell me not of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Hazle, sober grey or brown;
If they're clouded by a frown,
And without expression fraught,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll never please.

But, though sparkling with delight,
Or with sorrow dark as night;
Though their lustre dim'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear;
They'll *ever* please.

—

PARODY ON 'MISS BAILEY.'

An excellent comedian, in Staffordshire, had played the part of Risk, in 'Love Laughs at Locksmiths,' with much applause, but, a week before his benefit, was arrested for a small sum, which the manager immediately defrayed, and set the poor Thespian at liberty. On his night, to a very crowded house, he sung the following curious parody on 'Miss Bailey,' which was loudly encored.

A player bold, in Staffordshire, set in for country quarters,
Perchance forgot a trifling debt, for *guzzle*, or for garters,
His wicked conscience goaded him, he lost his spirits daily,
He took to drinking Hampton ale, and thought upon the Bailey!
O! the Bailey, the *shoulder-tapping* Bailey.

One day, as he was going home to tea, perhaps to dinner,
Thinks he, though I'm a funny man, yet I'm a wicked sinner,
At every step, he heard behind, his face turn'd rather paly,
When, gruffly at his shoulder, cried a voice, 'behold the Bailey!'
O the Bailey.

Avaunt, bum Bailey, then he cried, your face looks red, not mealy,
Good playerman, the bailey cried, you've acted rather freely,
The lawyer's bills go hard with you, because your means they fail ye,
And you must go along with me—along with you the Bailey?
O the Bailey.

The player cried, if at my night each seats' engag'd in all rows,
The manager the *kelter* has then in his sattin small clothes;
He'll pay the damages you ask; the goblin vanish'd gaily,
Crying, bless you with your benefit, but ne'er forget the Bailey.
O the Bailey.

All baileys learn this lesson from our bailey's good example,
And never, with unfeeling hearts, upon the needy trample;
And young men wild take warning, pay your debts, or else they'll jail ye,
And then you'll ne'er be haunted by that ugly ghost the Bailey.
O the Bailey, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A lady of this city, who, by the hands of one of our literary friends, has liberally furnished us with poetry for the present, and has obligingly promised more for the future, may easily imagine how much we are delighted by such a proof of her zeal for literature, and of her ardour of kindness. The Editor, at different seasons of his labours, has applied various standards, by which he might test the genuine popularity of his work. They have often been erroneous or fallacious. But whenever he is honoured by the patronage and the correspondence of the ladies, he then thinks he has a measure of approbation, by which he can verify the highest hopes of a periodical writer. The influence of women over the the fate and fortune of this paper is much greater than that of statesmen.

'Solus' may be alone as much as he chooses in his study, but we hope he will sometimes *come out*, and exchange his solitary humour for a laugh with the *Loungers*.

'Benedict' is unlike his namesake in Shakspeare; he was born under a rhyming planet, and he can woo in festival terms. We will not ask him to *fetch us a tooth-picker from the farthest inch of Asia, or to bring the length of Prester John's foot*, but entreat him to a service, which costs him no exertion—to write *often* with that gaiety, which so brilliantly sparkles in the *cavalier* conversation of the witty lover of Beatrice.

To many gentlemen, who very promptly and regularly send us valuable files of London papers, we are singularly obliged. The English journals, particularly those of a literary description, furnish us with many curious and original articles.

'Dick Vulcan' is an ingenious artificer, his *forge* is well constructed, and he *burnishes* very brightly. We have looked narrowly into his shop, and we discern there much more *fire* than *smoke*.

The *point* of 'Tit for Tat' is not sufficiently *sharp*. We think that the *archer* must have a better arrow in his quiver. An Epigram must possess great acuteness; else, it is a hurtless weapon, and its satire,

'Like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.'

'The Wandering Jew' is a satirical paper, in a style of uncommon ease and gaiety. The author, whom we wish to consider as a constant correspondent, is endowed with those mental gifts, which peculiarly qualify him for the office of a periodical writer. He has genuine wit, and great fluency of expression. His invention is rapid, and in its sprightly course he never tires either himself, or his reader.

To day, the Lounger gives place to a paper upon a scientific topic, but treated in a most elegant and popular form. The classical author may rest assured that our readers will not be frightened from a perusal of his essay, in consequence of its title. Perhaps the art and triumph of Genius are never more conspicuous, than when, *by happy alchymy of mind*, they transform an apparently dull and heavy material into the brightness and usefulness of gold.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Shortly after Mr. Moore had published his eloquent address 'To the *Invisible Girl,' a young nobleman of his acquaintance wrote him an answer, as from her, in the French language. This is an original and beautiful poem, in the style of Bernard and Bernis, as well as a just compliment. The closing topics allude to a previous conversation between Mr. Moore and his noble friend on the subject of the Platonic philosophy.]

LA FILLE INVISIBLE—A T. M.

Jeune favori d'Apollon,
Toi, dont le fertile genie,
Va rivaliser Amphion,
Dans le temple de l'harmonie;
Et, sous les traits d'Anacreon,
Sait folatrer dans une orgie.
Toi, pres de qui nimphe jolie
Dans un instant perd la raison,
En disant 'oui,' croit dire 'non,'
Et bientot dans tes bras oublie
La sage resolution
De n'aimer jamais de sa vie.
Oui, tes accens melodieux
J'en conviens, ont touché mon ame,
Et, quoique habitante des cieux,
Pour un mortel mon coeur s'enflamme.
Faut-il, en connoissant l'amour
En connoitre aussi les alarmes?
Ingrat, je t'entends chaque jour
Soupirer pour de nouveaux charmes—
Helas! pres de toi hier au soir,
A tous les yeux impenetrable,
Dieux! que je te trouvois aimable!
Ivre du bonheur de te voir,
Errant sur ta coupe vermeille,
Lorsque tu pensois savourer
Le nectar brillant de la treille,
Je te derobois un baiser.
Brûlante d'un tendre délire
J'epiois ton moindie sourire,
Et s'il t'échappoit un soupir.
Qu'il m'en contoit de ne pas dire,
Pres de toi je meurs de plaisir!
Bientot la sombre jalousie
Versa ses poisons dans mon coeur,
Lorsque je te vis d'Aspasie
Si tendrement presser la main;
Pourrai je exprimer ma colère
Tandis qu'á sa plus jeune soeur,
Murmurant d'un air de mystère,
Je t'entendis nommer ton coeur
Sur une trompeuse apparence,
Je sais qu'on ne doit point juger,
Mais, Bessy, Rose, Iris, Hortense,
Ne t'ont elles pas ou changer
Et te jouer de leur souffrance?
Cruel, respirant la vengeance
(Lorsque par tes accords brillans
Tu croyois charmer l'audience)
Cèst moi, qui sous tes doigts savans,
En me glissant sur chaque corde,
Par le souffle de la discorde
Rendis tes efforts impuissans.
D'Anacreon suivant les traces,
Invoquant en vain Apollon,
Tu crus, sur le trepied des graces
Rencontrer l'inspiration—
Mais cette sensible selphide
De mes douleurs prenant pitié,
Punit ton audace perfide!
Et, n'écoutant que l'amitie,
A tes voeux fut inexorable—
Apprends moi, seduisant coupable!
L'art heureux de charmer ton coeur.
Ah! pour meriter ta tendresse
Sourde a la voix de la pudeur,
Faut-il oublier la sagesse?
De Platon zelé partisan,
Que ne le prens tu pour modéle,
Et te bornant au sentiment
Ne peux tu comme une immortelle,
Nourir un amour innocent?
Et bien! pour te rendre fidelle,
A tes pieds j'en fais le serment,
Pour toi je deviendrai mortelle;
Viens, accourse combler mon espoir,
Viens, doux ami, toi que j'adore,
Oh! viens me repeter encore
Ce charmant, ce tendre bon soir.
'Good night! good night.'

[*A translation is requested.*]

* See the Port Folio, Vol. IV. No. 24.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Soon after Mr. Moore published his verses 'To the Invisible Girl,' some of the wits addressed to him her *second* reply. This we have never been able to obtain. The following subsequent address, by a *visible* girl, was handed about in the polite circles.]

TO T. M. ESQ.
ON THE INVISIBLE GIRL'S LETTER TO HIM.
BY A VISIBLE GIRL.

'Tis fine advice! Upon my word,
I wonder folks are so absurd;
Because this prating imp of air
Can't hope your company to share,
She at our pleasure feels annoy,
And envies what she can't enjoy.
What! leave the world! and at HER bidding!
Perhaps in that nice globe she's hid in,
Out of her charity and grace,
She'll deign to offer you a place;
Or else, perhaps, she thinks the profit
Would well repay the trouble of it;
For, not to count the crowds you'd bring,
To hear you speak, and hear you sing,
She must be but a frozen sprite,
Who understands not the delight
That female hearts must feel to press you,
And in so small a sphere possess you.
But no! we will not let you go.
Whilst lips of rose, and arms of snow,
And eyes of azure can allure,
Fashion shall never lose TOM MOORE.
Ungrateful sprite! when every day,
Their money and respects to pay,
Our gayest females on her wait,
And crowd with equipage her gate—
She from amongst us tries to steal
The PROP OF PLEASURE'S COMMON WEAL.
For as 'twas said whilst in the fane
Safe the palladium should remain,
Ilion, secure from hostile powers,
Should rear to Heaven her sacred towers;
So while we keep you safe, we know
Fashion shall triumph o'er her foe;
The world its influence shall own,
And Pleasure fill his festive throne.
Let for a moment fancy draw
You gravely studying the law,
'Midst monstrous volumes strew'd about,
Black within and black without,
The load of many a creaking shelf,
Each near as large as you yourself,
You sit, all dusty, and so hidden
In the triumphant heaps of pleading,
That 'tis by long and accurate looks
At last we know you from your books,
Oh! horrid! And they say that even
ALL this won't guide you to the haven,
That law adventurers often are
Wreck'd, ere they reach it, on the BAR.
Oh! never was that frame of thine
Fitted 'midst legal blocks to shine,
Wrapped in a gown a world too big,
And shaded by a wild of wig.
And was that voice that fitly flows
In lover's joys, and lover's woes;
Or pours in British notes along,
Sweetly wild the Teian song;
Oh! is it strong enough to bawl
In thunder thro' the echoing hall,
And soar, in intonation, higher
Than judge and counsel, clerk and crier.
Those fingers, too, that use to stray
So swiftly o'er the yielding key,
And to a feeble string impart
A power to rouse or melt the heart;
Can they e'er draw with tardy patience
Those—what d'ye call 'em—declarations?
In short, we need no more discuss—
You must, 'my knight,' be one of us;
And if you'll swear, that ne'er the law
Shall from our festive circle draw;
And if you'll promise that the lass
That lives within the hollow glass,
Shall never by enchantment's power
Allure you to her secret bower,
And shade in study's pedant night,
The blaze of wit and pleasure's light;
And if you'll vow, our hours to cheer,
That 'roguish sonnets' shall appear,
Sweetly rhym'd and gaily written,
With secret fire and open wit in;
And that you'll sometimes wake the lyre
To sounds of masquerade desire;
And that you'll bid, whene'er you go,
'Good night,' in semitonic flow;
And if you'll christen me Floranthe,
Amelrose, or Amaranthe,
Why then for all that you resign,
Submitting Cara's charms to mine,
Instead of all that Talents claim,
Riches, honour, friends and fame,
I will, whene'er into my hand
The wedding ring transfers command,
(The wish that nearest to my heart is),
I will——I'll ask you to my parties. CLARA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO CHARLOTTE.

The orient sun begins to gild the east,
The rev'ling crowd forsake their christmas feast,
Sick with excess throughout the lazy week,
They now begin, with languid look, to seek
Their next year's work—or if to sport their drift,
Each hails his neigbour with a new-year's gift.
The wakeful eye of youth the hour espies,
With eager strides from door to door he flies,
Hails his companions in his hasty rounds,
And 'new-year's gift' in every room resounds.
You too, sweet maids, once ev'ry year can dare
To leave your rooms and breathe the morning air;
To catch the beaus your feet are doubly swift,
And through the key hole bawl out 'new-year's gift.'
I too, dear Charlotte, 'mid the gen'ral noise,
With beating heart and supplicating voice,
Beg leave to you my longing eyes to lift,
And join the chorus, with 'a new-years gift.'
That splendid orb, whose constant yearly rout
Brings in its turn each new-year's day about,
Shines in his sphere the glory of the skies,
The lucid wonder of each mortal's eyes;
On Time's cold dome he sheds his constant light,
Yet still exhaustless shines as purely bright;
But Charlotte's beauty dims his fervid blaze,
And warms the heart with more enlivening rays.
His golden beams long ev'ry eye had bless'd,
Till Charlotte rose, in richer splendor dress'd,
And shone refulgent at meridian height
A *constellation to the ravish'd sight!

* I am very well aware that this expression will be objected to by persons, unacquainted with the whole import of the word *constellation;* but it is used in the same sense, by the best authors, which it expresses here, and is defined by Johnson to be 'a collection of splendors or excellencies,' as well as 'a cluster of fixed stars.' He gives Hammond as his author.

His genial warmth no more expands the soul,
Nature no more submits to his controul;
At Charlotte's feet gay admiration lies,
To beauty's force a yielding sacrifice.
Ye bards, whose lays invoke Apollo's name,
For inspiration from his heavenly flame,
To Charlotte sweetly twine your plausive lyre—
Her smiles alone your languid breast can fire.
But, wretched thought! how frail is beauty's glare,
The finest form, the face divinely fair,
A few short new-years rob of all their grace,
Nor leave one virtue to supply its place;
In silver dress soon wrinkled age appears,
And the straight form with rev'rence bows to years.
Yet grieve not Charlotte, but serenely trace
Time's foul conspiracy against your face;
And when old age on you his talons darts
Try not to shun his rage by paint and arts;
If beauty flies you, virtues more sublime,
While new years trace the boundless fields of time,
Will still endure, and even Envy raise
Her canker'd voice, in paeans fraught with praise.
Your form is lovely, but your nobler part,
Believe me, Charlotte, is a virtuous heart;
This heart I beg, without excuse or shift
Transmit it to me as a 'new year's gift;'
To make return shall be my fix'd design,
So when you *catch* me, I will send you mine.

HEADLEY.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAITURE.

Carolus and his friends were sitting
Pensive beside the parlour fire;
Stern Industry had drop't her knitting,
And e'en the Muse unstrung her lyre:
Fair nature's form, with feelings warm,
And courtesy's soft measure—
Diffus'd around a dulcet sound
That simple folks call pleasure.
With tottering step and modest mein,
A female comfortless and old,
Tap't at the door behind the screen,
And feebly said, 'I'm very cold:'
Charles twirl'd his hat, and cried, 'who's that—
On such a day as this is?'
Deborah Key! Mercy, 'tis she!
How scanty are her blisses!
'Twas winter—cheerless and forlorn;
From north to east the wind was blowing,
On dark December's gloomy morn,
You recollect how fast 'twas snowing.
Across the heath, with frozen breath,
The timid herd were tempest driven;
But all its rage, on want and age,
Anchors the shatter'd bark in heaven.
Life's rugged path, full four score years,
Poor Deborah had trod:
In truth, it was a vale of tears,
Mark'd by the hand of God.
The widow's plaint, in accents faint,
Swift to the thrilling bosom went—
To hear her say, on such a day,
That Charity's last boon was spent.
Ye, who have seen the humid eye
With tender mercy gleaming—
Ye, who have heard the deepen'd sigh,
And felt the warm tear streaming—
Ah! should you learn that winter's gale
On Deborah so oft had blown;
And many a blast of sleet and hail,
And keener blasts she'd sometimes known.
'Twould melt your hearts to hear her say,
'That such a *pinching*, bitter day,
Such scanty gleanings for the poor
Had surely never been before.'

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

Ah! what are sleepless nights to me,
When heavier woes my bosom bears!
Ah, what the midnight moon to see,
While waking to severer cares!

To trace the stars along the night,
To count each hour throughout the gloom,
Sleepless to view the morning light,
Has long been my unceasing doom.

But not for griefs like these I mourn;
Far other sorrows tear my rest:
Sorrows, that meet no kind return,
But revel in my lonely breast.

ITHACUS.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Not when the vernal zephyr breathes,
Not when the virgin snow-drop springs,
Or morn her crown of lustre wreathes,
The muse to me her influence brings.

And mirth no more provokes the tale,
Nor more does hope the strain prolong,
And e'en, sweet pity! thou dost fail
To wake the echo of my song.

Yet slumbers not the vocal shell,
But rises to its airiest strain,
Whene'er, at eve, in yonder dell,
I meet the dark eye of my Jane.

Then trembles every willing chord,
In praise of her whom I adore;
And love imparts to every word
A warmth I never knew before.

But soon th' unfinish'd strain decays,
And faintly sounds each languid string;
For, while upon her charms I gaze,
I heed not that I ought to sing.

ITHACUS.

—

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON FROM THE CARRIERS OF '*THE MORNING CHRONICLE*' TO THEIR PATRONS.

When now the circling year is past,
A retrospect we fondly cast
On transient hours too dear to last,
That, wing'd with joy, flew rapidly.

But while the glowing fancy flies
O'er former pleasures as they rise,
Or in the distant view descries
A cloudless gay futurity.

O'er many a day we breathe a sigh,
Recalling when with anxious eye,
We saw the weary hours pass by,
And mark'd their progress mournfully.

Yet partial ills, and evils rude,
Are swallow'd in the general good,
As streamlets in th' expansive flood,
That rolls its waters silently.

Where'er we turn the wondering sight,
New scenes, new sources of delight
Each patriot-bosom must excite,
And swell the heart with ecstacy.

Our empire's vast increasing state—
Its growing cities, indicate
A nation waxing strong and great,
And hastening to maturity.

While Europe shakes with wild alarms,
And rage each warrior-bosom warms,
And Gaul and Britain rush to arms,
With roar of murd'rous cannonry.

Peace here expands her cherub wing,
Smiles o'er our fields a constant spring,
And bids our mountain-echoes ring
'With notes of cheerful industry.'

Extending commerce spreads her sail,
And, wafted on each fav'ring gale,
The fruits of distant lands we hail,
In all their rich variety.

No ills our flattering prospects mar,
Save where in hostile climes afar,
Our infant navy wages war,
And galls a barbarous enemy.

There, captives to the Moorish bands,
Our brethren raise their fetter'd hands,
And groan beneath the stern commands
Of savage foes in Tripoli.

Low sleep the youthful, gallant, brave,
Who each his life an off'ring gave,
And purchas'd there a hero's grave,
In battle falling gloriously.

The trump of fame their names shall raise,
A nation's voice shall shout their praise,
And, ever fresh, immortal bays
Shall flourish round their cemetry.

The common dead receive one sigh—
One tear—and then forgotten lie—
The brave shall never—never die,
But live in endless memory.

Ye patriot band, who freed our plains,
Your fire—your valour still remains,
Still courses thro' your children's veins,
And spurs them on to victory.

While thus your humble news-man sings,
And to your door his greeting brings,
You gently loose your pocket strings,
And hand a small gratuity:

Then, long as time shall wing his flight,
May scenes more fair, and hopes more bright,
Renew, with still increas'd delight,
This day of mirthful revelry.

—

EPIGRAM.

When gloomy Sorrow spreads her shade
Around the seat of blasted Mirth—
The fairy flow'rs of Fancy fade,
Hope's fruitless promise falls to earth.

Ah! what can ease the pang that rends
Affection's fond and feeling heart,
When Fate his awful summons sends
To bid a wife and husband part—

Forever part!—Yes, gentle bard,
Tho' great the grief, severe the pain,
To find a cure is not so hard—
Let the survivor *wed again*.

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